

YOUNG READERS

J. Hoffman J49688167 Slovenly Peter

TEATING ROOM

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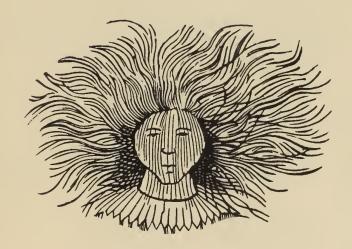
READING ROOM

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# SLOVENLY PETER

or

Cheerful Stories and Funny Pictures for Good Little Folks



With Colored Illustrations
After the Original Style

This special edition is published by

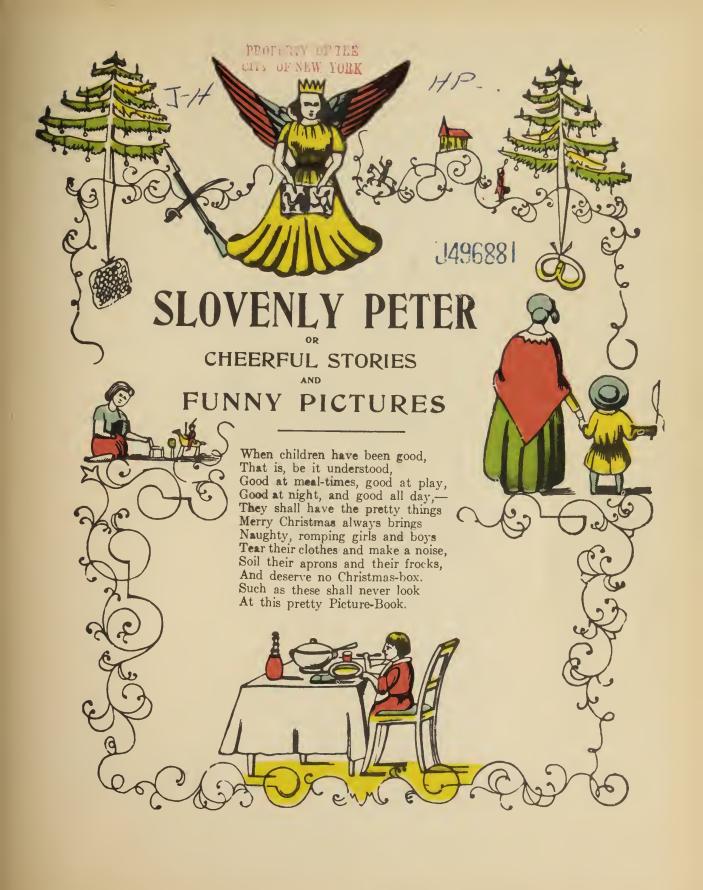
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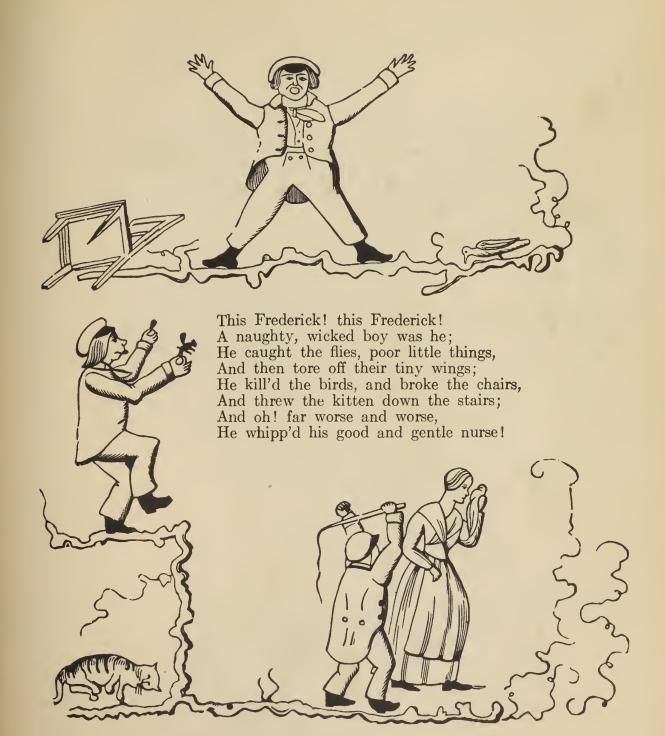


### SLOVENLY PETER

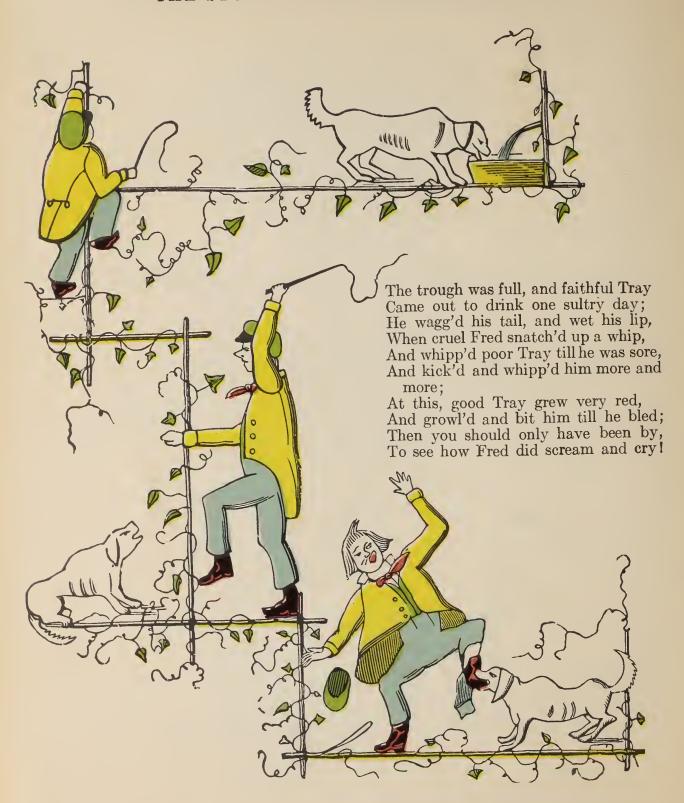


See Slovenly Peter! Here he stands,
With his dirty hair and hands.
See! his nails are never cut;
They are grim'd as black as soot;
No water for many weeks,
Has been near his cheeks;
And the sloven, I declare,
Not once this year has combed his hair!
Anything to me is sweeter
Than to see shock-headed Peter.

### THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK

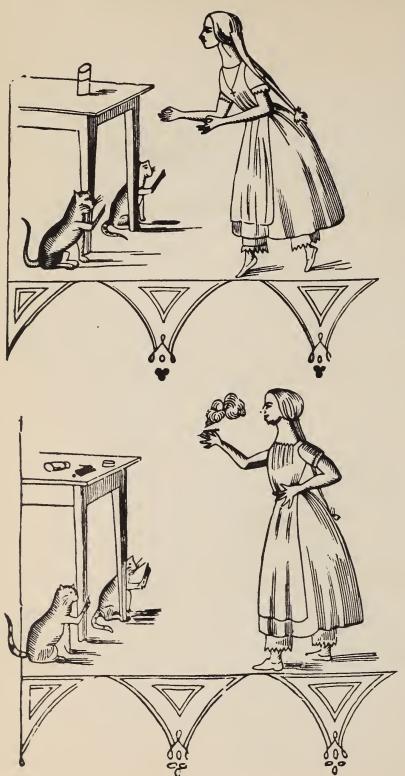


## THE STORY OF CRUEL FREDERICK





### THE DREADFUL STORY OF PAULINE AND THE MATCHES



Mamma and Nurse went out one day,
And left Pauline alone at play;
Around the room she gayly sprung,
Clapp'd her hands, and danced, and sung.
Now, on the table close at hand,
A box of matches chanc'd to stand,
And kind Mamma and Nurse had told her,
That if she touch'd them they would scold
her;

But Pauline said, "Oh, what a pity!
For, when they burn, it is so pretty;
They crackle so, and spit, and flame;
And Mamma often burns the same.
I'll just light a match or two
As I have often seen my mother do."

When Minz and Maunz, the pussy-cats, heard this

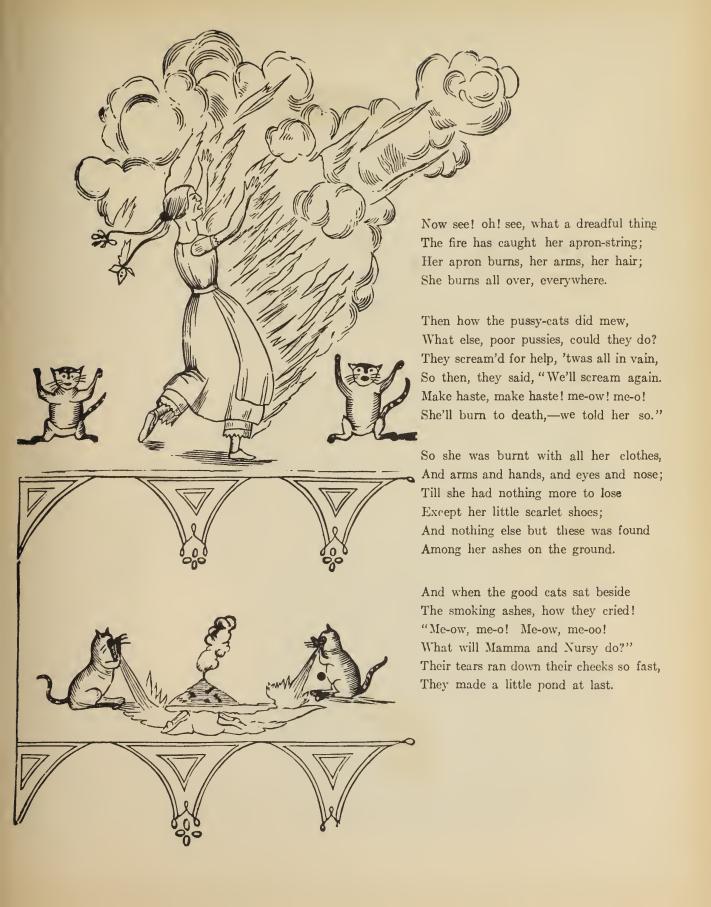
They held up their paws and began to hiss.

"Me-ow!" they said, "me-ow, me-o!
You'll burn to death, if you do so,
Your parents have forbidden you, you know."

But Pauline would not take advice, She lit a match, it was so nice! It crackled so, it burn'd so clear,— Exactly like the picture here. She jump'd for joy and ran about, And was too pleas'd to put it out.

When Minz and Maunz, the little cats, saw this,

They said, "Oh, naughty, naughty Miss!"
And stretch'd their claws,
And rais'd their paws;
"'Tis very, very wrong, you know;
Me-ow, me-o, me-ow, me-o!
You will be burnt if you do so,
Your mother has forbidden you, you know."



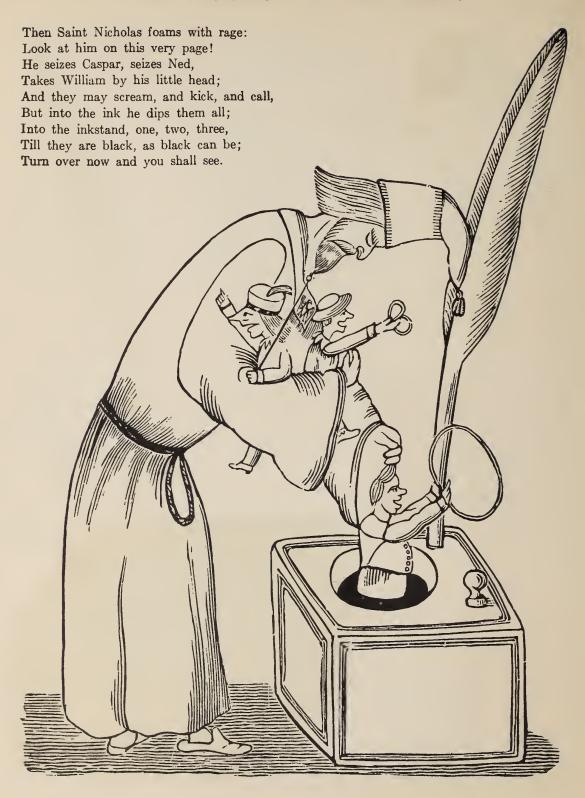
### THE STORY OF THE INKY BOYS

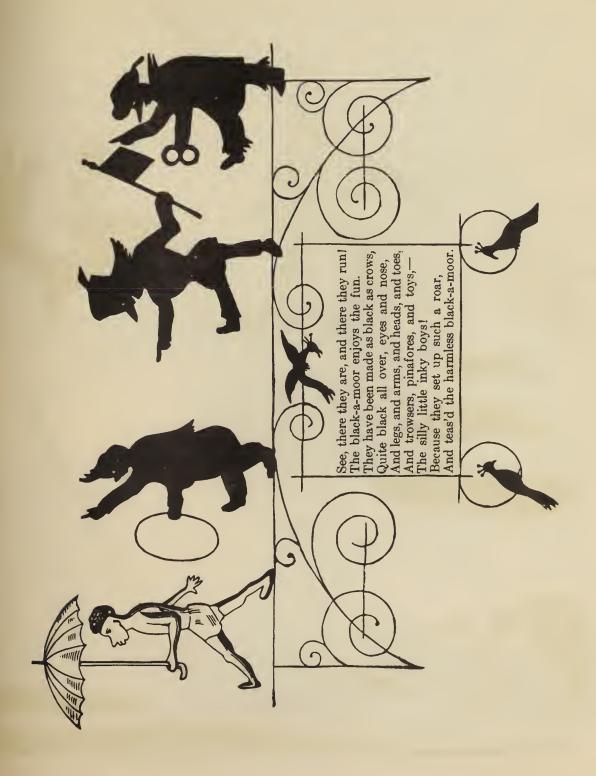


# THE STORY OF THE INKY BOYS



### THE STORY OF THE INKY BOYS





# THE STORY OF THE WILD HUNTSMAN



### THE STORY OF THE WILD HUNTSMAN



### THE STORY OF LITTLE SUCK-A-THUMB



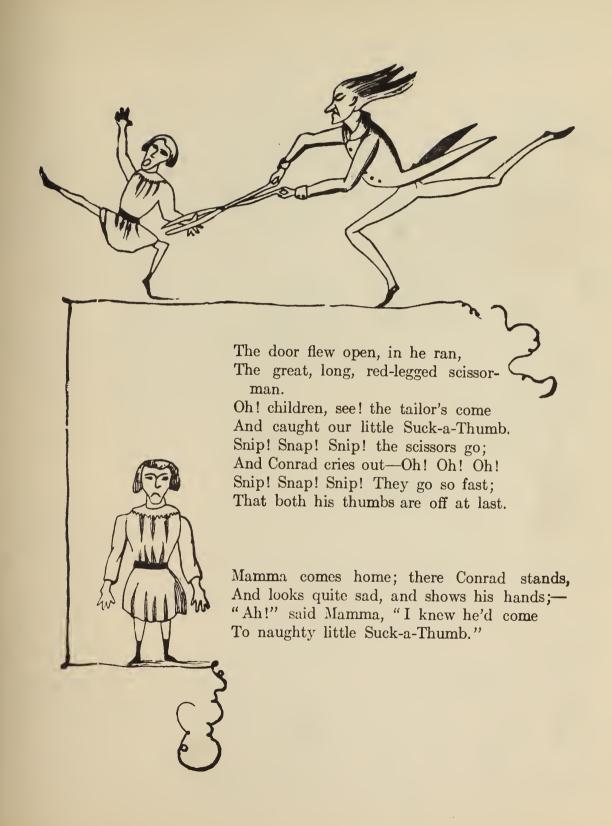
One day, Mamma said, "Conrad dear, I must go out and leave you here. But mind now, Conrad, what I say, Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.

The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs;
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out
And cuts their thumbs clean off,—and
then

You know, they never grow again."



Mamma had scarcely turn'd her back, The thumb was in, alack! alack!



# THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE ANY SOUP



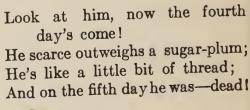


Augustus was a chubby lad;
Fat ruddy cheeks Augustus had;
And everybody saw with joy
The plump and hearty healthy boy.
He ate and drank as he was told,
And never let his soup get cold.
But one day, one cold winter's day,
He threw away the spoon and screamed:
"O take the nasty soup away!
I won't have any soup to-day:
I will not, will not eat my soup!
I will not eat it, no!"

Next day, now look, the picture shows How lank and lean Augustus grows! Yet, though he feels so weak and ill, The naughty fellow cries out still—"Not any soup for me, I say! O take the nasty soup away! I will not, will not eat my soup! I will not eat it, no!"

The third day comes. O what a sin! To make himself so pale and thin. Yet, when the soup is put on table, He screams, as loud as he is able—"Not any soup for me, I say! O take the nasty soup away!

I won't have any soup to-day!"





### THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP



"Let me see if Philip can Be a little gentleman; Let me see if he is able To sit still for once at table." Thus spoke, in earnest tone, The father to his son; And the mother looked very grave To see Philip so misbehave. But Philip he did not mind His father who was so kind. He wriggled And giggled, And then, I declare, Swung backward and forward And tilted his chair, Just like any rocking horse;-"Philip! I am getting cross!"

### THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP



See the naughty, restless child,
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite.
Philip screams with all his might,
Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, bread, knives, forks and all.
How Mamma did fret and frown,
When she saw them tumbling down!
And Papa made such a face!
Philip is in sad disgrace.

### THE STORY OF FIDGETY PHILIP



Where is Philip? Where is he?
Fairly cover'd up, you see!
Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pull'd down all upon him!
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!
Here a knife, and there fork!
Philip, this is naughty work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma
Look quite cross, and wonder how
They shall make their dinner now.

### THE STORY OF JOHNNY LOOK-IN-THE-AIR

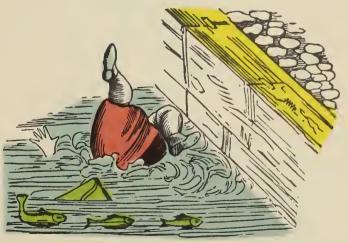


### THE STORY OF JOHNNY LOOK-IN-THE-AIR

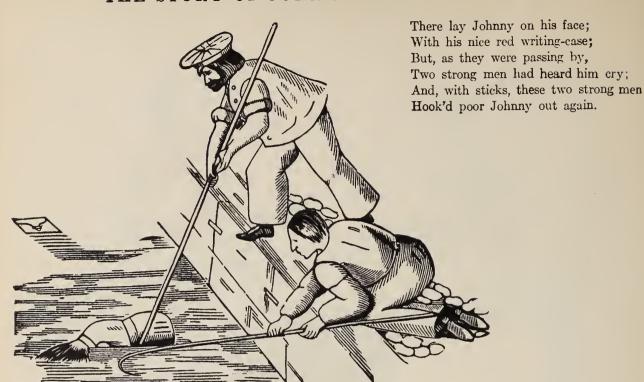
Once, with head as high as ever,
Johnny walked beside the river.
Johnny watch'd the swallows trying
Which was cleverest at flying.
Oh! what fun!
Johnny watch'd the bright round sun
Going in and coming out;
This was all he thought about.
So he strode on, only think!
To the river's very brink,
Where the bank was high and steep,
And the water very deep;
And the fishes, in a row,
Stared to see him coming so.

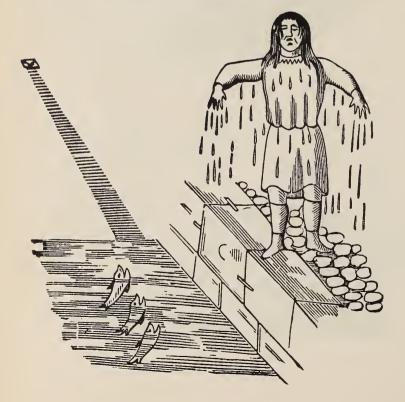


One step more! Oh! sad to tell! Headlong in poor Johnny fell. The three little fishes, in dismay, Wagg'd their tails and swam away



### THE STORY OF JOHNNY LOOK-IN-THE-AIR





Oh! you should have seen him shiver When they pull'd him from the river He was in a sorry plight, Dripping wet, and such a fright! Wet all over, everywhere, Clothes, and arms, and face, and hair Johnny never will forget What it is to be so wet.

And the fishes, one, two, three,
Are come back again, you see;
Up they came the moment after,
To enjoy the fun and laughter.
Each popp'd out his little head,
And, to tease poor Johnny, said,
"Silly little Johnny, look,
You have lost your writing-book!"
Look at them laughing, and do you see?
His satchel is drifting far out to sea!

# THE STORY OF FLYING ROBERT



When the rain comes tumbling down In the country or the town, All good little girls and boys Stay at home and mind their toys. Robert thought,—"No, when it pours, It is better out of doors." Rain it did, and in a minute Bob was in it. Here you see him, silly fellow, Underneath his red umbrella.

What a wind! Oh! how it whistles
Through the trees and flow'rs and
thistles.

It has caught his red umbrella; Now look at him, silly fellow, Up he flies

To the skies.

No one heard his screams and cries; Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,

And his hat flew on before him.

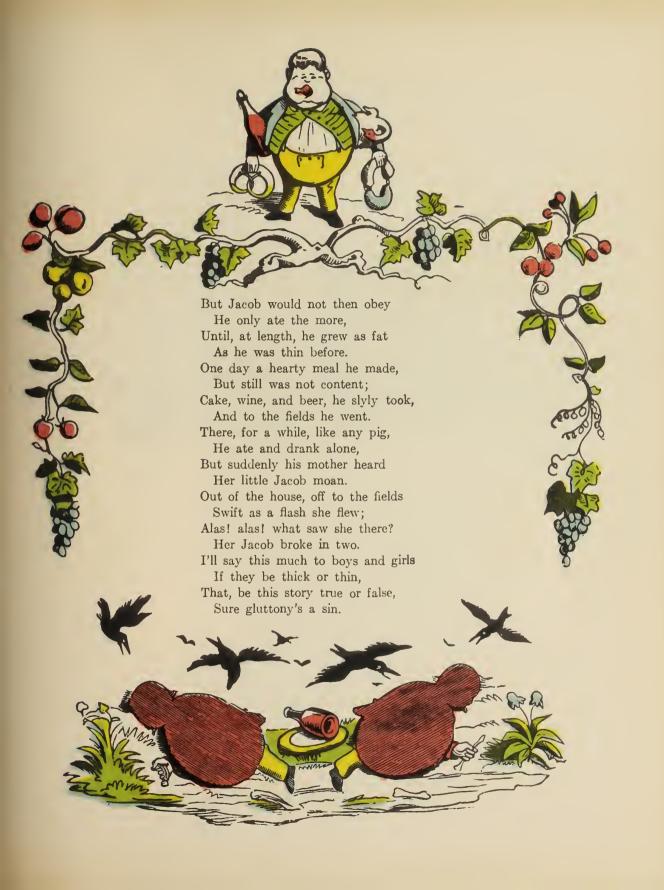




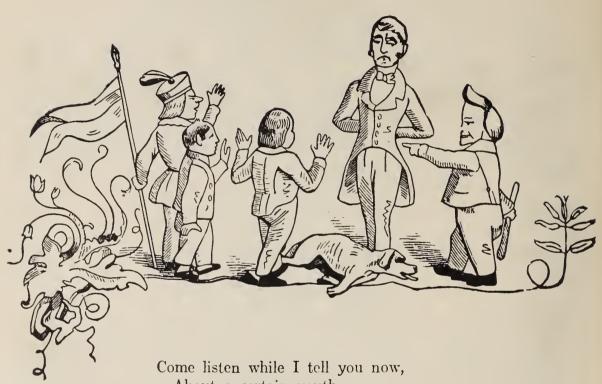
Soon they got to such height,
They were nearly out of sight!
And the hat went up so high,
That it almost touch'd the sky.
No one ever yet could tell
Where they stopp'd, or where they fell;
Only this one thing is plain,
Rob was never seen again!

### THE LITTLE JACOB





# FRANK, THE LIAR



Come listen while I tell you now,
About a certain youth,
Who had one dreadful, dreadful fault,
He never told the truth.
And while he uttered lies he was
So handy and so bold,
That he appeared as innocent
As if the truth he told.
One morning, faithful Tray was found
Upon the pavement dead,
And Frank had killed him with a stone,
His little comrades said.
"'Twas you who killed the dog," cried Frank,
"What stories you do tell;"
But soon the fact was proved on him,

And his father whipped him well.

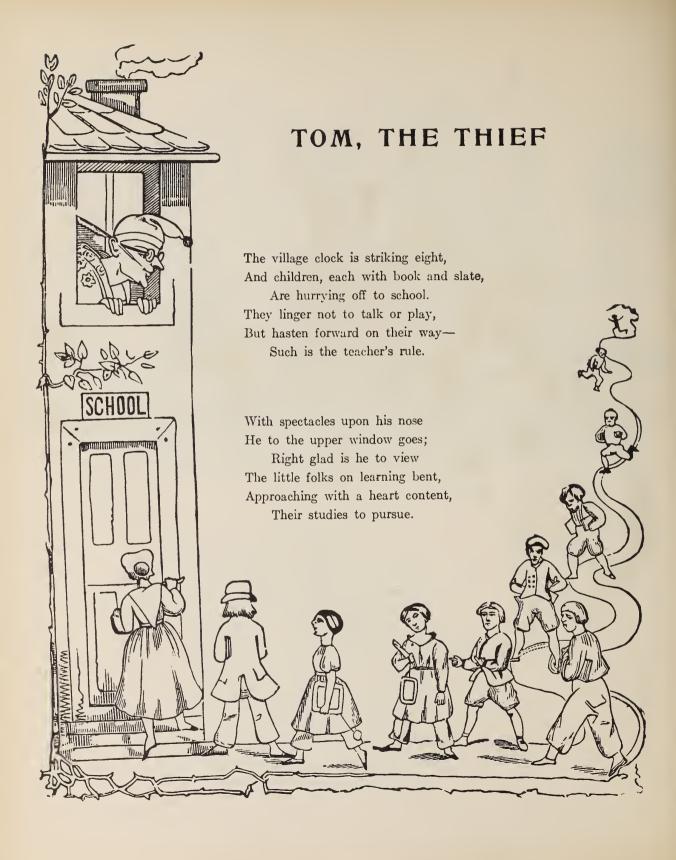


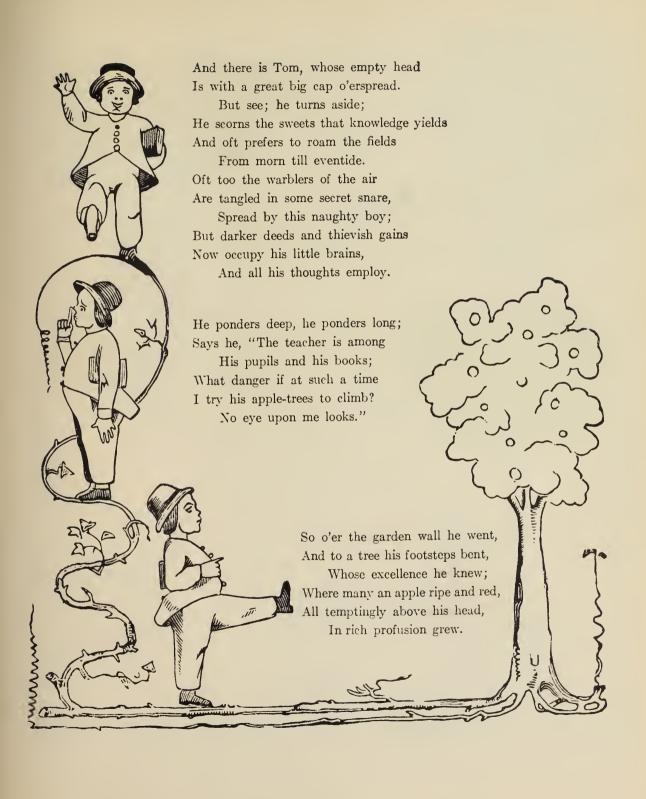
One day into the room he rushed,—
His eyes were glowing, cheeks were flushed,
"Oh! mother, father, dear," he said,
"My little sisters both are dead!
Emma fell down and broke her back,
And little Fan her skull did crack!"
The parents were distracted nearly,
They loved their little girls so dearly;
But scarce the words had from him slipped.
When in the little sisters tripped.
The parents' joy now who can tell?
And Frank again they punished well.



One night, when all had gone to bed,
Frank took it in his little head
That he the people would affright,
By crying fire with all his might.
"Fire! fire!" he screamed. Oh, then 'twas fun
For him to see the people run.
"Fire! fire! turn out! where is it—where?"
They cried; he answered, "There! there! there!"
Till, finding they had been deceived
And feeling very much aggrieved,
They poured upon the little liar
The water destined for the fire.







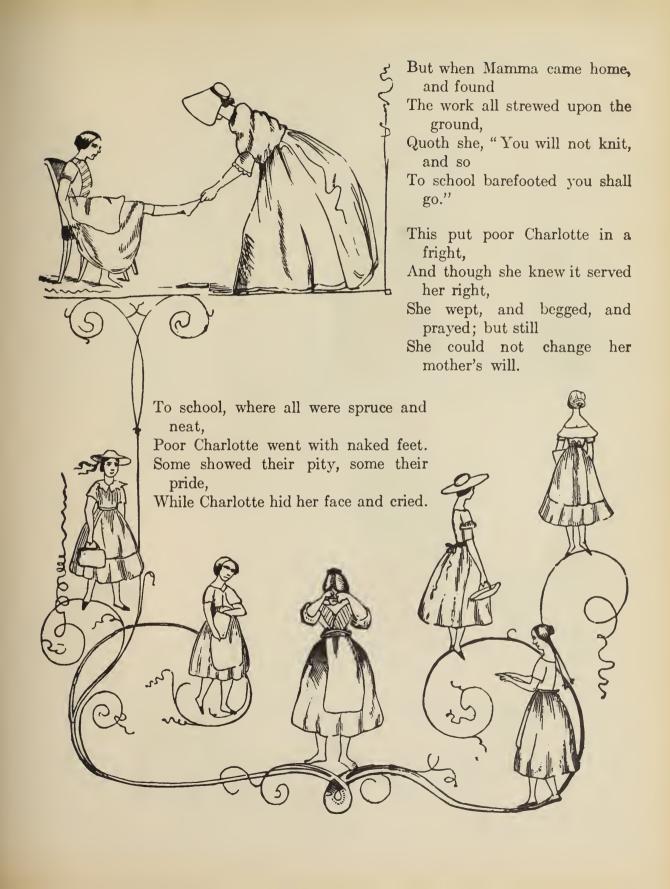
Now mark this naughty little lad,
While busied in a deed so bad,
How full he is of fear.
He looks about with anxious eyes,
Before, behind, he peeps and pries,
Lest some one should be near.
But finding all is safe around,
His hat and coat upon the ground
With eager haste he throws;
Then with both hands the trunk he grasps,
With both his knees he tightly clasps,
And up the tree he goes.





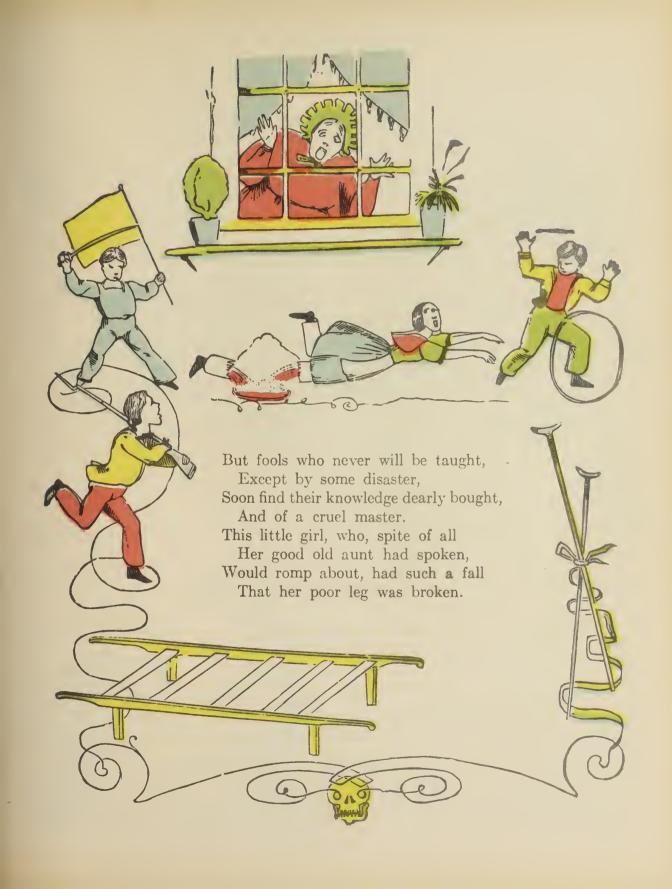
# HOW IT HAPPENED TO LAZY CHARLOTTE

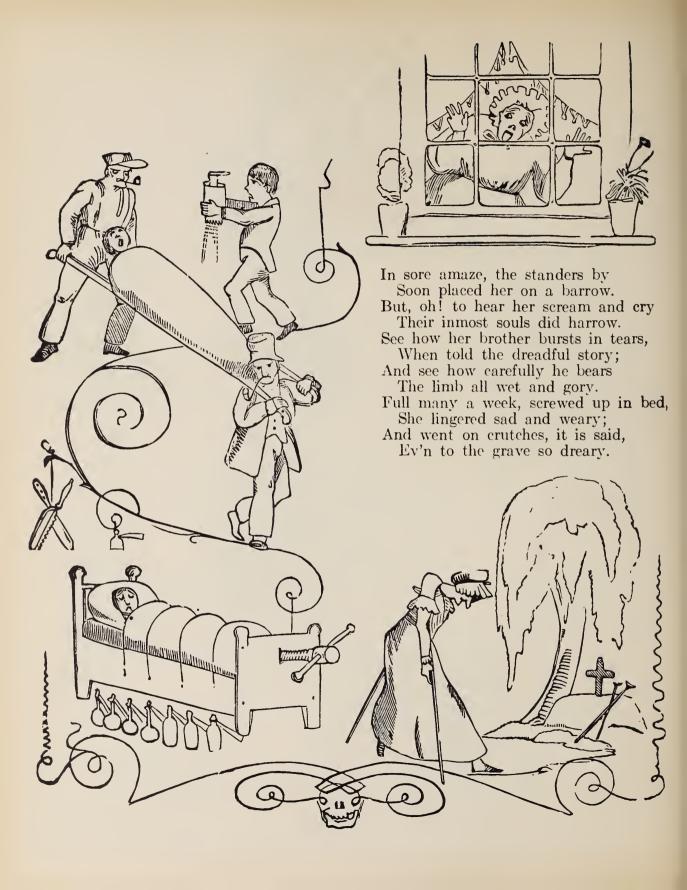




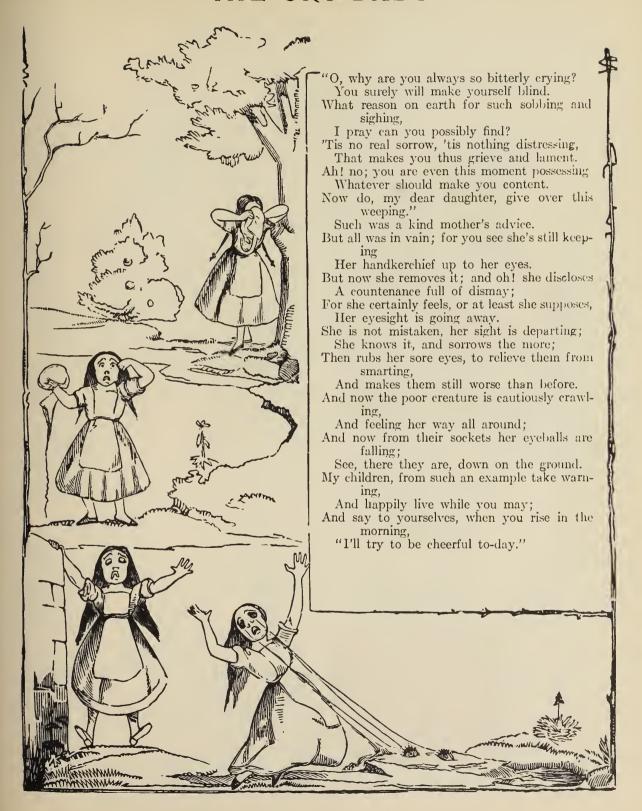
# THE STORY OF ROMPING POLLY







# THE CRY-BABY



# SOPHY SPOILALL





#### **ENVIOUS MINNY**



Now Minny was a pretty girl, Her hair so gracefully did curl; She had a slender figure, too, And rosy cheeks, and eyes of blue.

And yet, with all those beauties rare, Those angel eyes and curly hair, Oh! many, many faults had she, The worst of which was jealousy.

When on the shining Christmas tree St. Nicholas hung his gifts so free, The envious Minny could not bear With any one these gifts to share. And when her sisters' birthdays came, Minny (it must be told with shame) Would envy every pretty thing Which dear mamma to them would bring.

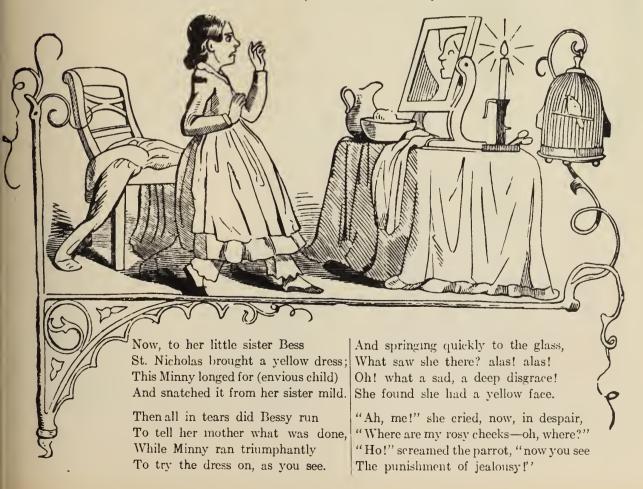
Sometimes great tears rolled from her eyes, Sometimes she pierced the air with cries, For days together she would fret Because their toys she could not get.

Ah, then! how changed this pretty child No longer amiable and mild, That fairy form and smiling face Lost all their sprightliness and grace.

Her tender mother often sighed, And to reform her daughter tried; "Oh! Minny, Minny," she would say, "Quite yellow you will turn some day."



Now came the merry Christmas feast; St. Nicholas brought to even the least Such pretty presents, rich and rare, But all the best for Minny were. But Minny was not satisfied, She pouted, fretted, sulked, and cried; Sisters and brothers had no rest,— She vowed their presents were the best.



#### THE HISTORY OF THE DIRTY CHILD

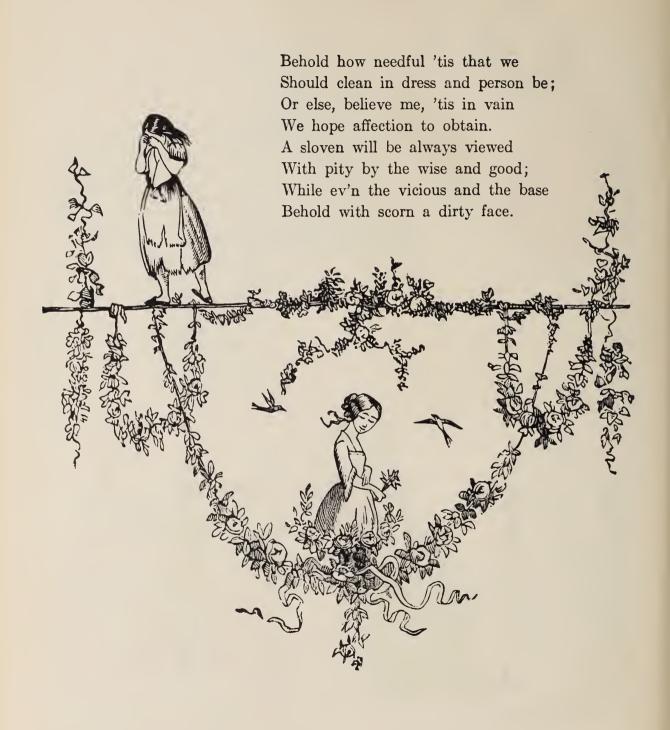


The little girls whom here you see Were sisters in one family; And both enjoyed an equal share Of a kind mother's anxious care.

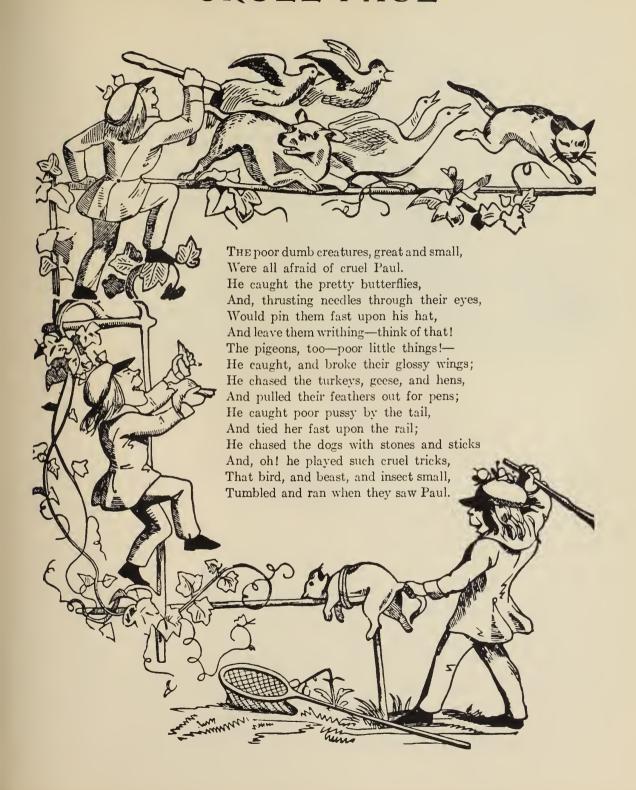
The one in neatness took a pride,
And oft the brush and comb applied;
Oft washed her face, and oft her hands;
See, now, thus occupied she stands.

The other—oh! I grieve to say
How she would scream and run away,
Soon as she saw her mother stand
With water by, and sponge in hand.
She'd kick, and stamp, and jump about,
And set up such an awful shout,
That one who did not know the child,
Would say she must be going wild.





# CRUEL PAUL





Now see, my dears, this naughty child, Oh! does he not look fierce and wild? Well, this is just the very way Paul went about from day to day.



But, oh! my children, see him here,
His turn came soon to quake with fear.
One summer's day, with one accord,
The creatures gave him his reward:
The cat sprang up, and scratched his nose;
The rats came out and gnawed his toes;
The dogs flew at his legs and back;
The geese came waddling—quack! quack! quack!
And even the crows that you see there,
Flew down and pulled him by the hair.
The chickens tried to pick his eyes;

And katydids, and bees, and flies,
Came streaming out from all the trees,
This cruel boy to sting and tease.
He struggled, fought with all his might,
But still the creatures held him tight.
"Oh! no," cried they, "you'll not go free,
You shall repent your cruelty.
No more dumb creatures you'll torment,
To punish you we now are bent."
They stung, they bit him foot and head,
Nor left him till he fell quite dead.

#### SLOVENLY BETSY



Betsy would never wash herself
When from her bed she rose,
But just as quickly as she could
She hurried on her clothes.

To keep her clothes all nice and clean
Miss Betsy took no pains;
In holes her stockings always were,
Her dresses filled with stains.

Sometimes she went day after day
And never combed her hair,
While little feathers from her bed
Stuck on it here and there.

The schoolboys, when they Betsy saw,
Would point her out, and cry,
"Oh! Betsy, what a sight you are!
Oh! Slovenly Betsy, fie!"



One rainy day her parents went
Some pleasant friends to meet;
They took Miss Betsy with them,
And dressed her clean and neat.



Nice little boys and girls were there,
With whom our Betsy played,
Until of playing she grew tired,
And to the garden strayed.

Out in the rain she danced awhile,
But 'twas not long before
Flat down she tumbled in the mud,
And all her nice clothes tore.

Oh! what a sight she was, indeed,
When in the room she came;
The guests all loudly laughed at her,
And she almost died with shame.

She turned, and to her home she ran,
And, just as here you see,
She washed her clothes, and since has been
As neat as she could be.

# PHOEBE ANN, THE PROUD GIRL.

This Phoebe Ann was a very proud girl, Her nose had always this upward curl—She thought herself better than all beside, And beat the peacock himself in pride. She thought the earth so dirty and brown, That she never, by any chance, looked down; And held her head so very high That her neck began to stretch, bye and bye—

That her neck began to stretch, bye and bye—
It stretched and it stretched, and it grew so long,

That her parents thought something must be wrong—

It stretched and stretched, and they soon began

To look up with fear at their Phoebe Ann. They prayed her to stop her upward gaze, But Phoebe kept on in her old proud ways; At last it grew so long and spare,

That her head was more than this neck could bear—

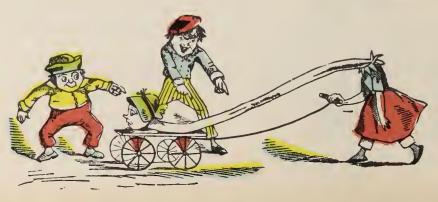
And it bent to the ground, like a willow tree, And brought down the head of this proud Phoebe.

Whenever she went out, a walk to take,
The boys would holler, "Here comes a
snake!"

And it got so heavy a load to drag on, She had to push her head about on a little wagon.

So don't you hold your head too high, Or your neck may stretch too, bye and bye.





#### DISCONTENTED LUCY.



Lucy was restless and tired of her home, She sulked and she pouted, and wanted to roam Because Katy's wax doll had a bright blue eye, And lived in a baby house four stories high, All furnished with tables, and stoves, and chairs, With carpets, and candles, and kitchen wares; While Jane had a bird that could almost speak, And Betty had tea parties every week; Susan had candy whenever she chose, And Mary Ann wore the most splendid clothes; Nelly's mamma in a carriage rode, While Lucy's mother baked, scrubbed, and sewed; Patty's papa could to Newport go, While Lucy's had daily to handle the hoe: So she envied her friends their grand estate, And fretted and cried at her own sad fate.

Under a tree she was sitting one day, While her work in her lap neglected lay-"Hoho! ho!—ho!" with a voice of glee, Came from the topmost branch of the tree, Where was perched a black and shiny crow, Looking at Lucy down below. "What do you want? you ugly bird!"
"Ho!—ho! he!—he!" 'Twas thus she heard— "Come with me, come with me, Lucy, if you wish to see All on earth that is good and pretty— Great dolls with eyes that roll about, That talk, and cry, and smile, and pout; Mountains of candy shining as gold, With pink stripe and yellow, you shall behold; Oceans of jam-pots of honey-Plenty of sugar and plenty of money; And you shall play,

The livelong day,
With toys of all kinds that are nicest for you,
No school, no task, and nothing to do;



For my master, Gobhoblin, loves little girls dear, And to pick up some nice one has sent me here. Come on, pretty Lucy, and fear no disaster, Let me take you to see Gobhoblin, my master; I'll hop from the tree, and you jump on my tail, And I'll carry you to him without any fail."

So on she jumped, away they flew— Clap—clap—rattle—rattle—without more ado. They flew so fast, and they flew so high, That they soon got very far into the sky—

They flew so fast, The town they passed,

And got into the fields where the tall trees grew. While above their heads there was nothing but blue;

But the trees looked glum, and seemed to say. "Oh! you naughty bad girl for running away!"

Then Lucy was sorry for what she had done, And wished very much that she had not gone, And begged the crow to take her home To her father's and mother's quiet room; But although she cried till her eves were red, Still "Caw! caw! caw!" was all he said. "We'll stop," added he, "for a moment or so, To visit my lady the good Madam Crow,

Who lives on that tree, Over there that you see, With all my little family."

With terror and with fright oppressed, Lucy was glad enough to rest By the side of the dark and dreary nest.

Now two hunters out for sport that day, Happened to pass along that way;







The one was thin, with a stove-pipe hat,
The other was short, and dumpy, and fat,
With very low shoes and very tight clothes,
And a large pair of spectacles over his nose;
They had but one gun which they carried between

And looked so droll, you'd have laughed had you

seen 'em.

"Oh, what a shot!
See what we've got!
A great black Crow!
Don't let him go!
Rest the gun on my shoulder!"
Said the shorter and bolder;
"Come, fire away!
Don't lose all day!"

Slap—bang! the gun popped,
Down—down the bird dropped—
And Lucy too, with a fearful bound,
Tumbling and rolling fell to the ground.

The men rubbed their eyes, And showed great surprise— When they looked at her head They thought she was dead—

But soon they heard poor Lucy speak, In such a tiny little squeak—
"Oh! no—I ain't dead; just rub off the dirt,
And you'll find I am only a little hurt:
I'm such a bad girl—I ran away—
Oh! take me home—I beg—I pray."
So they took her home, where she is to this day,
A proof of the truth of what I say;
And a lesson to all little girls who fret
And worry for things that they cannot get,
Not to envy their playfellows' clothes or toys,
Or the richer estate that she enjoys,
For that was the way that Lucy, you know,
Was carried away by that great black Crow.



#### IDLE FRITZ.



Fritz was an idle boy, indeed;
He would not learn to write or read;
An ugly face he always made;
His parents, too, he disobeyed;
And mischief was the chief employ
Of this poor, foolish, idle boy.
Look at this picture now, my dear,
And see what he is doing here;
He holds his sister by the braid,
And beats the frightened little maid.
She begs, her tears flow down like rain;

Fritz only laughs to see her pain.
This cat and bird, here lying dead,
He caught and knocked them in the head.
He took from off the fence a rail,
And tied it to poor Carlo's tail;
And, oh! 'twould take me many days
To tell you all his wicked ways.
He for his parents nothing cared,
Therefore, to cure him they despaired:
And, finding they could bear no more,
They whipped and drove him from their door.





'Twas winter time—the snow fell fast, And fiercely blew the wintry blast; Fritz shook with cold from head to toe, And knew not now where he should go.

But presently a cave he spied; "Oh! there I'll refuge take," he cried. Alas! alas! he did not know That there he'd meet a cruel foe.



A wolf had made this cave his den; Fritz never saw the light again.

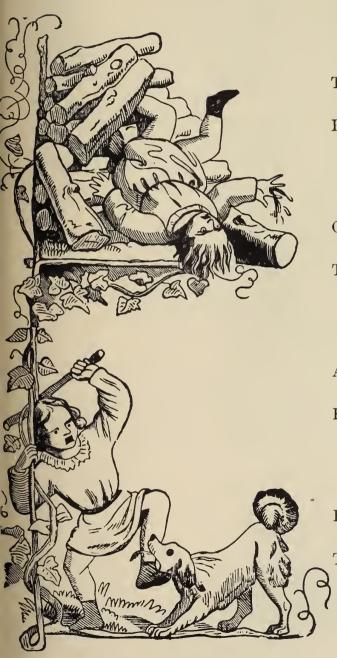
#### SIMPLE HANS.



'Tis Simple Hans that here you see,
The picture of stupidity.
His coat is on wrong side before,
His book is thrown upon the floor;
His father gave him yesterday
This pretty horse with which to play;
See how he holds it! awkward clown,
Its heels are up, its head is down.
Oh! if it were alive, my dear,

How terribly 'twould plunge and rear:
And, I declare, I'd just as soon
Go up and ask the man in the moon
To please to play on that trumpet a tune
As I would ask Hans to play—the loon!
And then, too, see that foolish stare.
Ah! do, my little ones, take care
That nobody, by any chance,
Can call you Little Simple Hans.

#### HEEDLESS HUGO.



This Hugo was a heedless child, In mischief everywhere; For him there was no prank too wild Or dangerous to dare.

One day he saw a pile of wood,

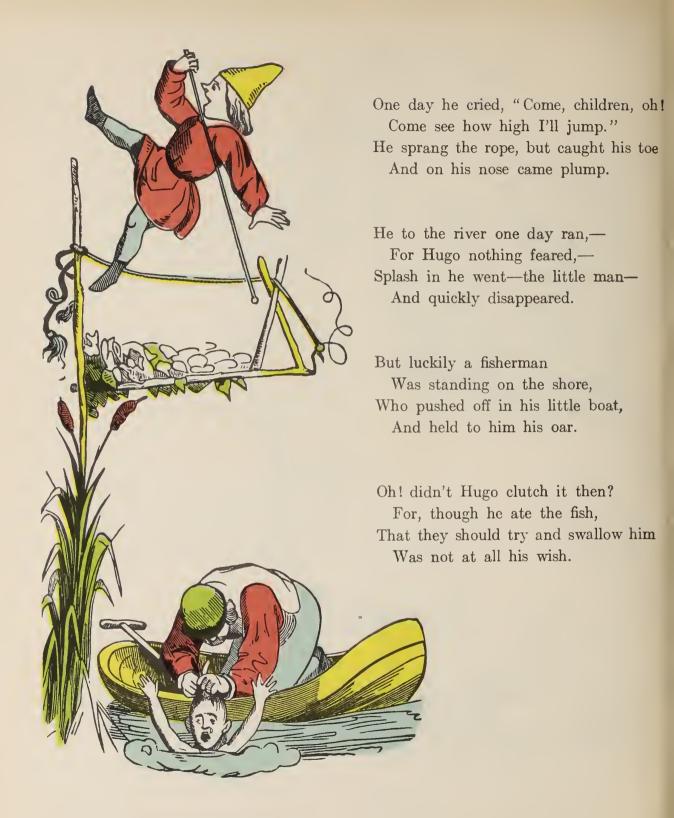
And up he climbed, so bold;

The logs gave way while there he stood,

And down, down, down he rolled.

And once, when in a neighbor's yard
Our Hugo was at play,
He to the watch-dog's kennel ran,
And snatched his food away.

Poor Carlo growled and struggled
Until he burst his chain;
Then, at our Hugo's leg he flew,
And made him shriek with pain.





One day a carpenter was sent
The old church-steeple to repair,
And when he to his dinner went
He left his ladder hanging there.

Now Hugo happened just to be
That very moment passing by,
"Oh, dear!" he cried, and danced with glee,
"I'll climb that ladder there so high."

Then to the steeple up he flew, Crept through the little window there; Climbed up the little ladder too, And made the little swallows stare.

But, oh! the ladder slipped and fell, Just as he reached the steeple vane, And Hugo—dreadful tale to tell— Came never back to earth again.

# THE NIGHT WANDERER.



When other children were asleep Our Oswald down the stairs would creep, And to the fields he'd steal away, Quite slyly by himself to play. Sometimes he took the powder-horn, And with the powder burnt the corn; Sometimes he hid behind a tree, And, rushing out quite suddenly, Would make a loud and fearful cry, And frighten all the passers-by. Indeed, it was his chief delight To run away from home at night. His parents shook their heads, and said, "Oh! Oswald, stay at home in bed, For if you out at night do roam A bat you surely will become." But all their talking was in vain; Still Oswald would go out again; But, oh! just as his friends had said, One night, as round the fields he sped, Upon him came a wondrous change; "Ah, me!" he cried, "How very strange! I feel that I become so small,-And now-I cannot walk at all.

I put my hands up to my head,
But find a bat's face in its stead;—
And now—my hands are gone. Oh, dear!
Instead of arms what have I here?
Such very, very curious things.
Why, can they be? Oh, yes, they're wings.
Alas! alas! what shall I do?
My parents' words are coming true.
An ugly bat I have become,
And never more shall I go home."

Oh! yes, my dears, it was too true; An ugly bat away he flew; His parents' tears streamed down like rain; They never saw their child again.



### NED THE TOY-BREAKER.

Now Christmas comes with all its joys, And, O! such wondrous pretty toys Kriss Kringle's men have brought to-night, That you would marvel at the sight.

To Neddy e'en too many things
The happy night of Christmas brings.
There's, first of all, a Christmas tree,
And, hanging from it, as you see,
Of lighted tapers many a score,
And apples gilt and silvered o'er;
Whole piles of dainty gingerbread,
And plums, and sweetmeats there are spread;
And Ned is such a happy boy
He's fit to laugh for very joy!





A golden horse he finds besides,
Whose back a soldier bold bestrides,
A trumpet gilt—a drummer new,
Who beats a regular tattoo,
As oft the handle round you twist
So often works each tiny fist.

Ned's father says: "Now mind, dear boy, And while these presents you enjoy, Still spoil not what you cannot make, And do not all your playthings break."

But Ned would no attention pay—
He likes to spoil as well as play.
He breaks the trumpet right in two—
The drummer's handlé in a freak
He madly turns, and makes it creak,
Till man and drum to pieces go.





The fragments form a heap confused—
Was ever drummer more ill-used?
Here lies a head and there a boot,
And here the drum that's henceforth mute;
And here a sword and there the stand,
And drumsticks but without a hand.
In short, such ruin has been wrought,
As though a battle had been fought!

And when Papa the mischief spies, And sees the broken toys, he cries: "Why, Ned, is this the care you take, When told to play and not to break?"



But careless Neddy does not hear
The warning voice that meets his ear;
And when Papa has turned his back,
Again the toys go snap and crack!
The horse and rider both are dashed
Upon the floor, and reckless smashed;
And loud the soldier cries aghast:
"Ah me! Ah me! I'm dying fast!"

Now in the Christmas fairies trip,
And from the tree the apples strip,
They take the horse and gingerbread,
And all the playthings spoilt by Ned,
And with the broken fragments make
A substance which they knead and bake
And by-and-by, when duly warm,
Into a giant nose they form,—
Full six feet long, and very thick,
Which on to Neddy's face they stick;
And henceforth, with this hideous snout
Must Neddy live and go about.



#### PRYING WILL.

Will so delights to peep and pry,
That all about the house he goes,
Upstairs and down, from low to high,—
And everywhere he pokes his nose.

Into the kitchen now he comes, Where, that same morn, with luscious plums, Made into jam, and still quite hot— The cook had filled a giant pot.





Will must, of course, remove the lid To see what treasures there lie hid, When—losing his balance—up he trips, And plump! head-foremost in he slips.

His feet are seen above the rim, But sure the pot has swallowed him! And buried in its sweets he lies, That fill his mouth and stop his cries.

But cook now shrieks, tho' Will is dumb; His startled parents quickly come, And drag out Billy in a fright, Oh, lack-a-day! Oh, what a sight!

Blue is his jacket, shirt, and frill,
And blue inside and out is Bill!
So blue, so blue—
Thro' life he'll rue
The foolish prank that made him so;
For ne'er away the stain would go—
But blue face, neck, and hands remained,
And thus the name of Prying Bill he gained!

## THE LITTLE GLUTTON.



Oh! how this Mary loved to eat,—
It was her chief delight;
She would have something, sour or sweet,
To munch from morn till night.

She to the pantry daily stole,
And slyly she would take
Sugar, and plums, and sweetmeats, too,
And apples, nuts, and cake.



Her mother Mary oft reproved,

But, ah! it did no good;

Munch, nibble, chew, from morn to night,

The little glutton would.



One day, upon some bee-hives near
She chanced to cast her eyes;
"How nice that honey there must taste!"
She cried, and off she flies.

On tiptoe now the hives she nears,

Close up to them she creeps,

And through the little window panes

Quite cautiously she peeps.

"Oh, dear! how good it looks!" she cries, As she the honey sees;

"I must, I will, indeed, have some; It cannot hurt the bees."

And now a hive she gently lifts,—
Oh, foolish, foolish child—
Down, down it falls—out swarm the bees,
Buzzing with fury wild.

With fright she shrieks, and tries to run,
But, ah! 'tis all in vain;
Upon her light the angry bees,
And make her writhe with pain.

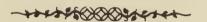


Four weeks and more did Mary lie
Upon her little bed,
And, ah! instead of honey, she
On medicine was fed.

Her parents grieved much at first
Their child so sick to see;
But once more well, with joy they found
Her cured of gluttony.



# THE SWEET TOOTH.

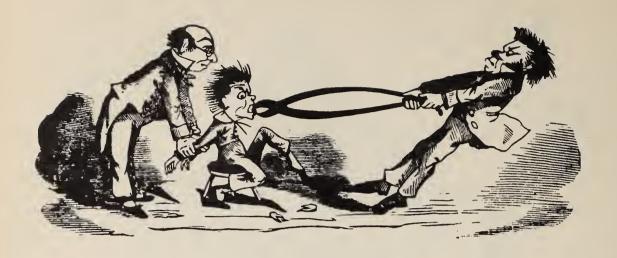






Tom Bogus did, the naughty boy,
What you, I hope do not—
His sole delight, by morn, by night,
Was in the sugar-pot;
For he could eat, all by himself,
A lump of such large size,
'Twould take two days to view it round,
Though straining both your eyes.
His coffee ne'er was sweet enough,
E'en had he sixteen lumps;
And if they had no more to give
Would get into the dumps.

His mother, early in the morn,
Would go and fill the bowl,
By half-past one, it all was gone—
He'd eaten up the whole!



His father groaned and tore his hair,
It wrung his heart and purse;
But greedy Tommy had no care,
But kept on getting worse.
Molasses, sugar, or rock candy—
So that it tasted good and sweet—
He stole whenever it came handy,
And in a corner sneaked to eat.

Such toothaches sugar caused to Tom,
I hope you ne'er may feel;
The dentist was obliged to come
And make this Tommy squeal.







He soiled his pants with dirty barrels,
Sucking molasses through a straw—
And fought his sister, naughty quarrels!
If it was stopped and would not draw.
At last, the juice came through his pores,
And covered his skin with a sticky slime,
Till the bees and the flies flew about him in scores,

And sucked at his body all the time:
They bit, they scratched, tormented, and stung him,

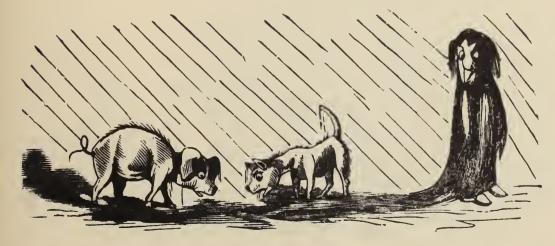
Till he had no rest by night or day.

His schoolmates ran when he came among them,
So he never could get a chance to play.

At length his body became all sugar—
He had no blood, nor flesh, nor bones—
And got so soft, that when you touched him,
It made him cry with fearful moans.

One day when walking in the streets,
A heavy rain began to fall,
And washed and drenched his body of sweets,
Till it melted him down to nothing at all—
He ran away like softened butter,
When before the fire it is put to warm—

The pigs and the dogs ate him up in the gutter,
And this was the end of Sugary Tom.



### JIMMY SLIDERLEGS



I guess there ain't one little boy Of all who read these lines— Who to sliding down the bannisters, Won't own that he inclines: They think it's like the steam engine, Or like a bird a flying, Until they split their heads in two. And then they fall a crying. Now all you sliders hark to me-Listen, your uncle begs— While he recites the sad story Of Jimmy Sliderlegs. Jimmy was always on the stairs, By morns, by eves, by noons— He wore out thirteen splendid pairs Of bran-new pantaloons; He bunged his eyes—he hurt his nose— His father lectured him quite strongly— Gave him a beating of hard blows-But Jimmy went on sliding wrongly, And spoiled no end of costly clothes. He stretched his legs so far apart By such a frequent strain, That it took all the Doctor's art To get them back again.





One day his parents out had gone
To see a friend who'd come from France,
And Jimmy being quite alone,
Thought for a slide this was his chance,
He mounted to the highest story,
He clasped the bannisters around—
He gave a cry of "Hooray! Glory!"
And on the rail jumped with a bound—
Down! down he went—now quick, now quicker—
He went so fast, he could not see—
The turns first make him sick, then sicker—
His head began to whirl! Ah me!

Just like a windmill's sails a-turning,

He twisted, tumbled, turned and twirled—
His arms and legs flew far asunder!

His body on the floor was hurled!

He turned so fast that his head came off—

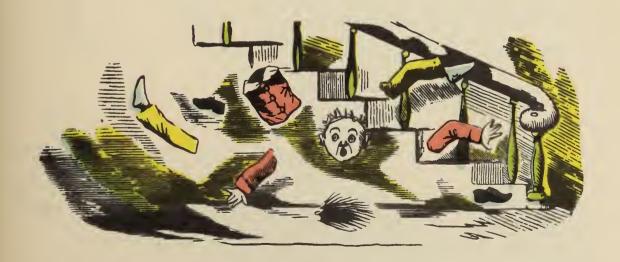
And his arms!

And his legs!!

Like so many pegs!!!

Flew about in the air!!!!

Now here! now there!!!!!



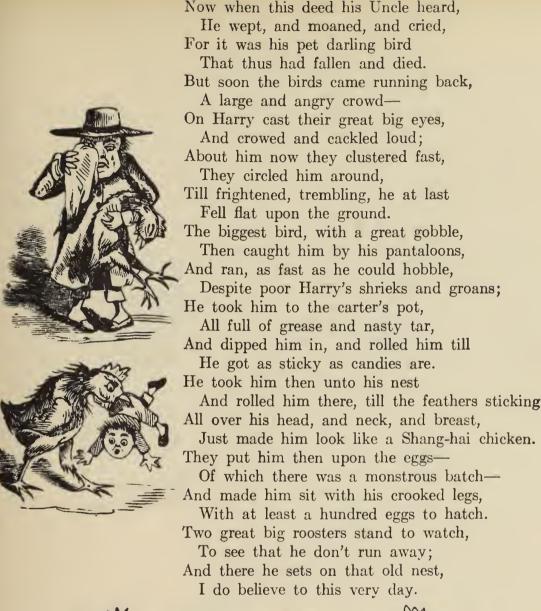


## AND THE SHANG-HAIS.

Young Harry Cobus lived in town And when the summer came. Went out to visit Uncle Brown, Who lived in Pudding Lane. Harry, who in a city lived, Knew nothing of the fields— Grew wild with joy, and leaped and kicked, And threw up both his heels— Into the farm-yard quick he went, And opened both his eyes, To see the oxen and the cows, And the long-legged Shang-hais. Now Harry was a cruel boy, Nor cared for others' pain, So long as he could have his fun, You'd mercy seek in vain. "Oh! ho!" said he, "my long-legged chick, With those big legs of yours, You ought to run uncommon quick, Let's see you show your power." With that he raised a monstrous stone, And threw it at one's head— He fell right down, the others ran, And left their comrade dead.









# THE HISTORY OF DOCTOR WANGO TANGO.

OLD Doctor Wango Tango,
Had a long red nose;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Always wore green clothes;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Lived by himself all alone;
When he went out to ride,
He sat astride
Of a steed all skin and bone.

Old Doctor Wango Tango
Also had a cat,
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Let her sleep in his hat;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Wore a big red cloak;
And he had a long pipe,
Like the bill of a snipe,
Which he often used to smoke.

Old Doctor Wango Tango
Had a dog also;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Had a tame black crow;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Called his thin horse Sam;
His dog's name was Towser,
And his cat's name was Mouser,
And the crow's name was Flippity Flam.







Now old Doctor Wango Tango
Lived on a biscuit a day,
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Got very light this way;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Gave his animals nothing to eat,
Though it sometimes came to pass,
That they found a little grass,
Or a crust, or a bone without meat.

Now old Doctor Wango Tango
Went out one day to ride,
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Had Towser running by his side;
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Had Mouser sitting behind,
And Flippity Flam
Flew around old Sam:
Such a party you'll seldom find.

Now old Doctor Wango Tango
Rode to the top of a hill,
And old Doctor Wango Tango
Found the wind very high and chill—
Away blew old Doctor Tango!
Away blew his thin horse Sam!
Away blew Towser and Mouser!
And the black crow, Flippity Flam!



# THE TRAGICAL STORY OF MAMMY KATCHEM AND HER KITTENS

Old Mammy Katchem, a worthy old cat, Lived in a box lined with hay;

She could face, without winking, the wickedest

With a snap of her teeth she would soon lay him flat,

In a true fighting, Tabby-cat way.

Old Mammy Katchem had three little kits— Tommykin, Pussy, and Bunch—

She gave them a mouse, pulled into small bits, Every day before dinner for lunch;

They usually dined on what they could get-

What their Mammy could beg, catch, or steal—And it mattered but little how often they ate,
They were always keen for a meal.

Bunch was a kitten with great staring eyes; Puss was most frisky of friskers;

And Tommykin's points were his musical cries, And thickness and length of his whiskers.

One day, Mammy Katchem abroad would go, To hunt up something for dinner—

For kittens must eat, like children, you know, Or else they get thinner and thinner.











So she put on her bonnet and sharpened her claws,

And though the three children looked glum, She bade them keep close in the house—because,

If they didn't, to grief they'd come—
For a great savage dog lived just next door—
A dog without any feelings—

Who would eat three kittens, and bark for more,

In spite of their scratchings and squealings; And a dirty old man lived down the lane, Who was fond fo savory stews—

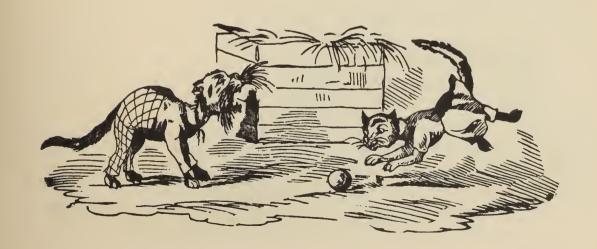
And people did say, that time and again,

They had heard in his house painful mews—
Then kissing them all, she went on her way

To a barn in the neighborhood,

Where the corn-fed mice made nests in the hay And grew very fat and good.

Now Tommykin was a kitten wild,
More apt to do wrong than right;
And what do you think this naughty child
Did—when Mammy was out of sight?



Why, he said he was going out for a run,
And that Pussy and Bunch must come too—
Shut up in that box, they could have no fun,
And there was no danger he knew.

Pussy said, at once, that she would not go; But Bunch, who was rather weak,

And never could say, decidedly, "No!"

Agreed—though she felt like a sneak.

So they left the box, and away they ran, In a scampering kind of race,

But the dog soon saw them—and then began A very exciting chase:

Bunch ran this way—Tommykin that,— Old Growler chased Bunch alone—

For he thought she looked like the tenderest cat, He e'er in his life had known.

She reached the box—caught the side with her claws,

And got in, by an active jump;
But the dog caught her tail in his cruel jaws,
And pulled it all off, but the stump!









Tommykin ran down the dirty lane, Where the dirty old man soon caught him, And, alas! he never was seen again,

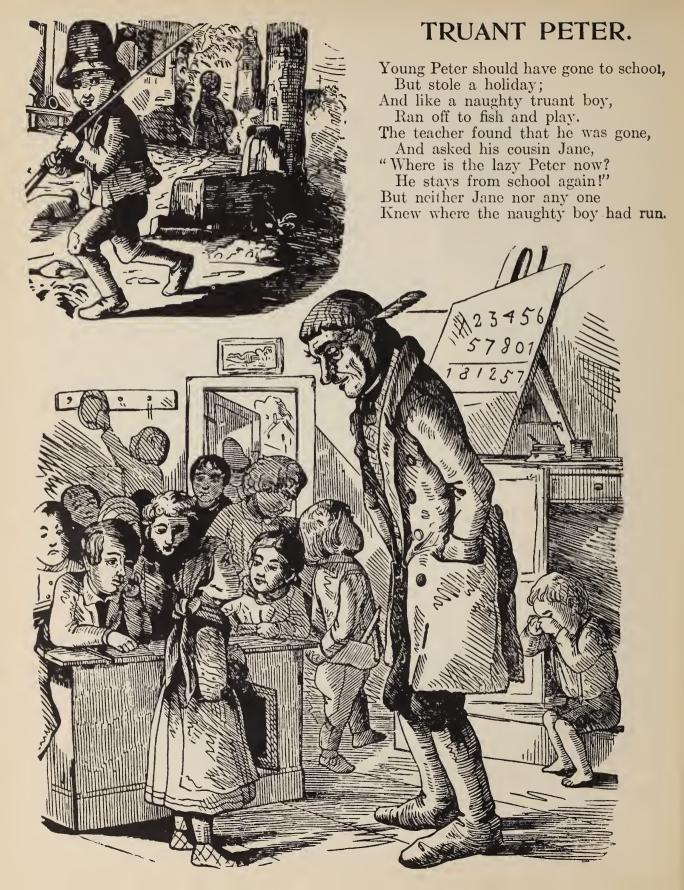
Though his Mammy carefully sought him. The dirty old man had a feast that day, On pepper-pot soup he dined;

And after that dinner, the neighbors say,
If you looked, you could easily find

Before his door,
A dozen or more
Of little, well picked, white kitten bones,
Lying about on the pavement stones!

His mother and sisters mourned for him long, And Bunch ne'er again did anything wrong; For whenever she wanted to disobey, She thought of that very dreadful day— When she lost both her tail and her little brother— So she ever after obeyed her mother.









But Peter to the river came,
And found a little boat;
So jumping in he took the oars,
And far away did float.

And Peter saw beneath the flood,
Bright fishes, great and small;
And thought, as every schoolboy would,
He'd like to catch them all.

So in the river he let fall,

A baited hook and twine;

And soon the largest fish of all,

Was tugging at his line.

And Peter pulled and gave a shriek,

And caught it by the fin;

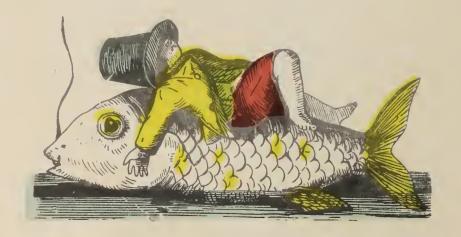
But Peter was too small and weak,

And the fish soon pulled him in;

Down with the fish must Peter go—

Down to the other fish below!







On this same day, not far away,

Two fishers their tackles set;

And little Peter with his fish,

Were caught in the same great

net.

Their lines they drew the water through,

And pulled them to the strand.

And thought 'twas a fish with coat and hat,

When Peter came to land.

For with the fishes, great and small,
Which they had caught that day,
Right in the midst among them all,
The naughty Peter lay:

The net, by chance, had caught him round,

Or Peter would have else been drowned.

So mind, ye children, what I say,
Ne'er while you live the truant play,
Or something worse may come to
you,

Than e'en a wetting through and through.



### THE CROW-BIDDY.



THERE was once a man and his wife, who one fine morning found an egg. "Well," said the wife, "wait till it is hatched: and some beautiful bird will certainly come from it!"

And when the egg was hatched, what did they have ?---A great Chicken, and a very naughty one. But the man and his wife said, "O WHAT A LOVELY BIRD!"





And the Chicken began to crow and make a dreadful noise. And the man said --- "How sweetly our dear Bird sings!"



And when the Crow-Biddy snatched at everything on the dinner-table, and spilt the cream, the good wife said, "What an appetite the dear thing has!"

And when he tore up his school-books, and threw them away, they said, "Oh! our Pet knows everything!"



And when he broke all the plates and dishes, they said, "HOW LIVELY THE DEAR THING IS!"





After a time the cock beat the man, but he only said, "How strong and stout he is growing!"

